

Mathematician's Love Poem

MATT ZAMBITO

I can't subtract the angle at which your two
irides let go of no frequency but blue.
Who knows our initial condition, or why
you complete my square? Together, we function
like eleven, but the limit of the two
of us is one as we approach nothing but
infinity. I can't solve for our unknown
variable; it's our lone solution. Love,
with us, there are no real numbers, but I'd give
them up if they existed. Factorial
my scalar heart: I can count i in your eyes.